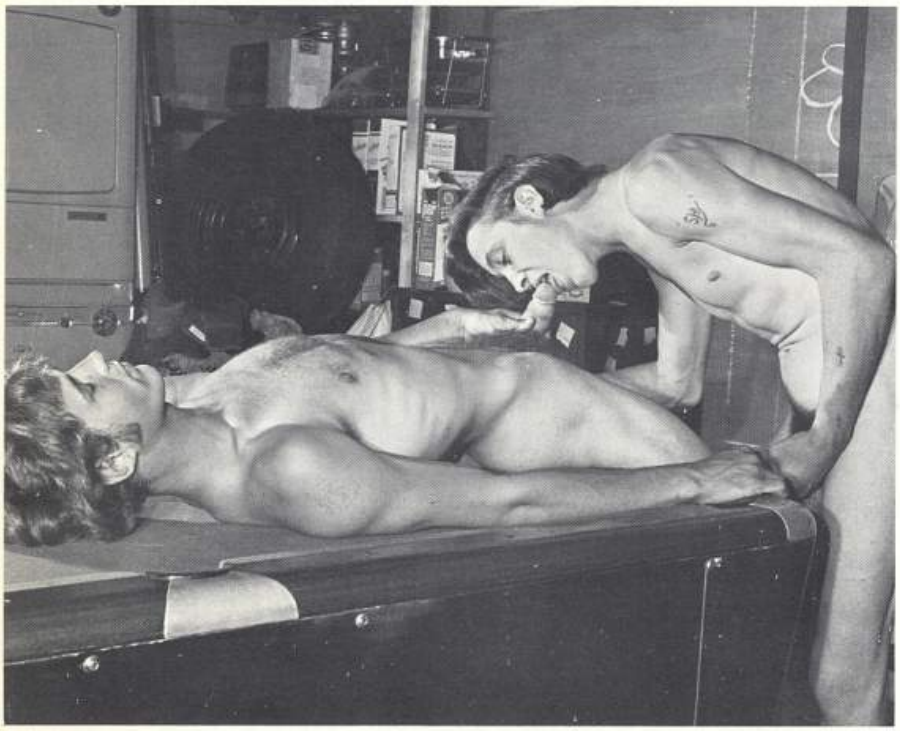
HARD TO HANDLE

No. 1

$10

Adults Only

Giving A Brother A Hand



What do you do when you're hot for your own kid brother? He's only a year younger than me, but he's always been a little runt. He was a born comic; he would break me up with just a look, and I'd laugh till my sides hurt.

But in the past year he shot up till he's almost as tall as I am and that funny face of his is absolutely beautiful now. And his body—wow! While I've been spending the last couple of years with my pool-and-sex club, he's been surfing and building himself a nice set of sun-bronzed muscles.

I can't laugh at him anymore because it hurts too much. Not my sides, but my crotch.

How the hell can you bring your own brother out? I thought about the club, but he would

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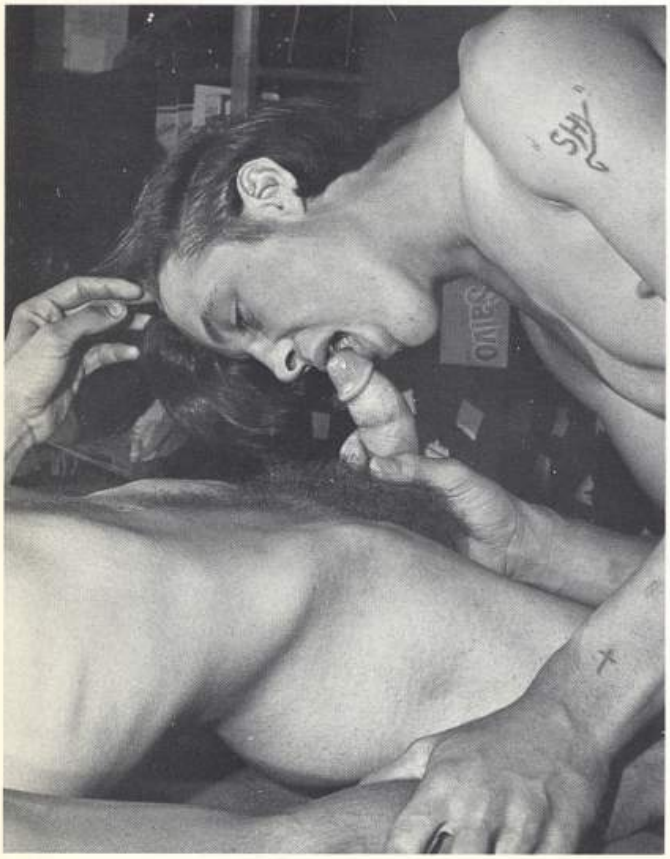
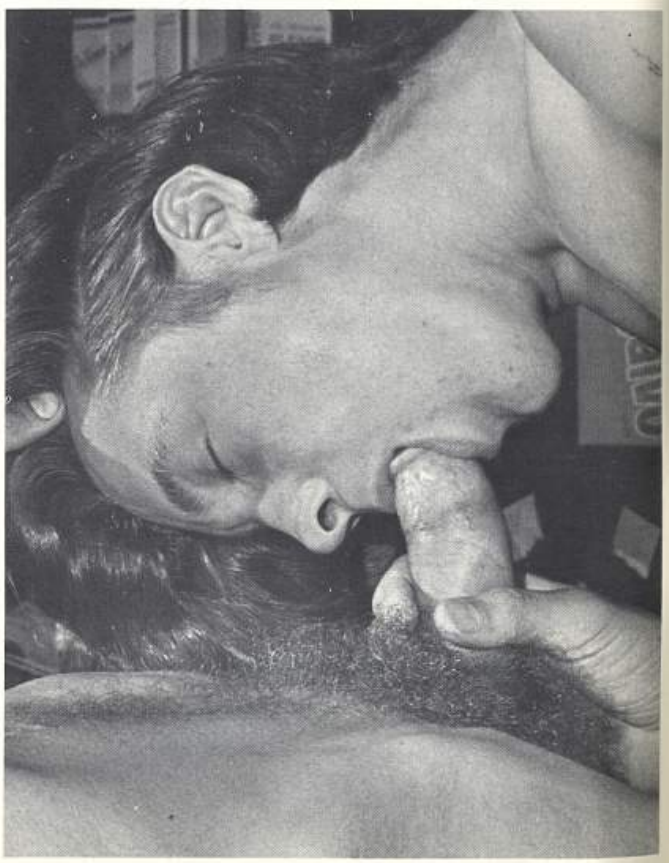
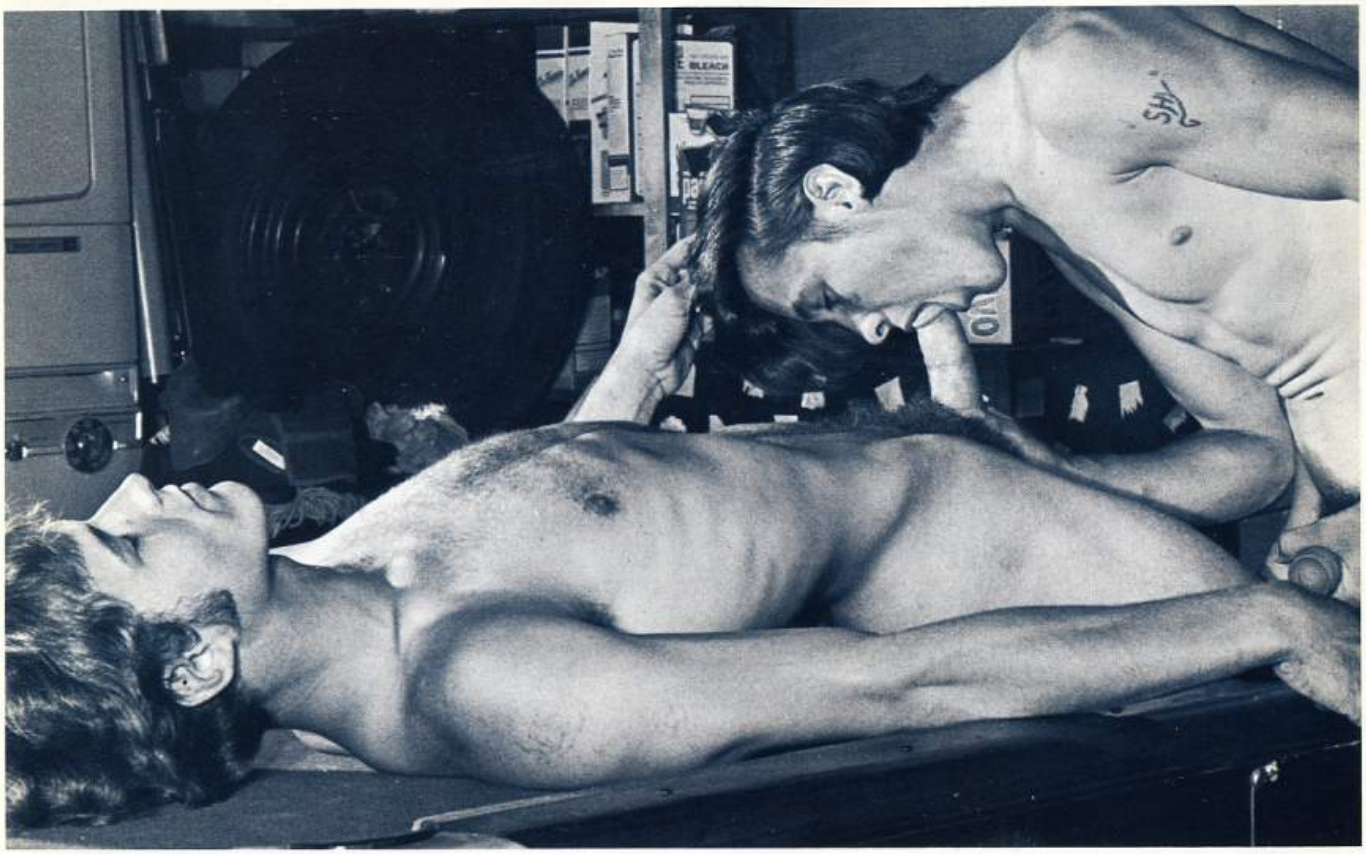
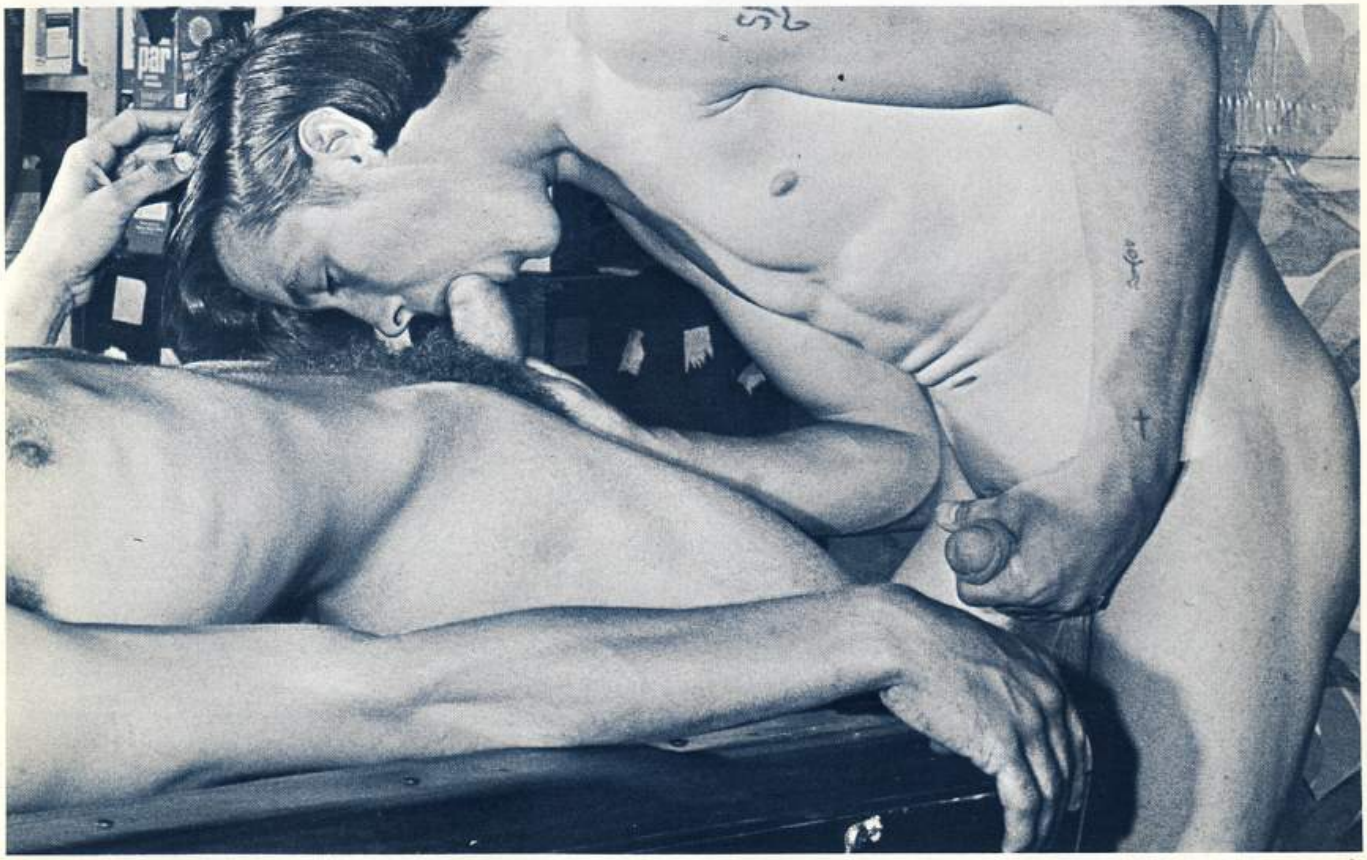




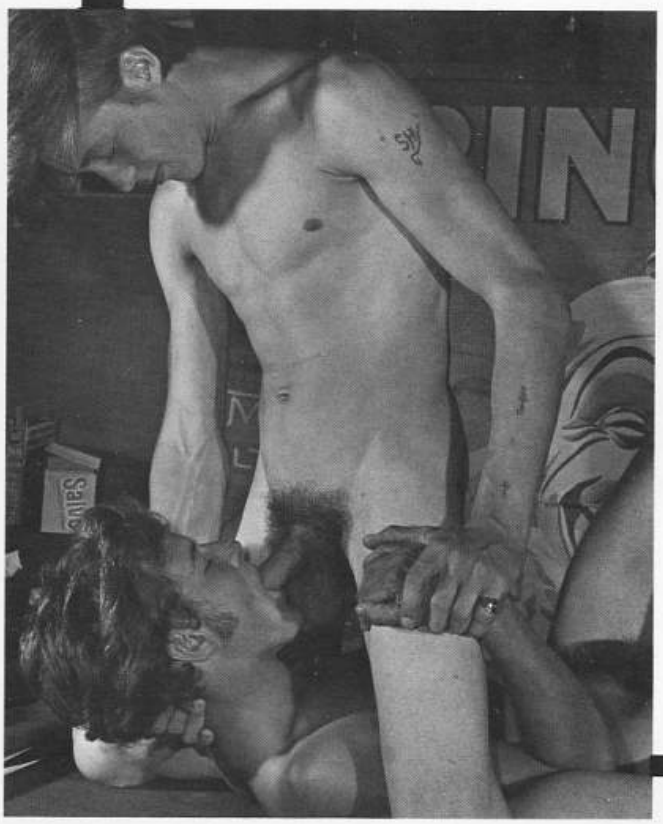




probably be more reluctant to do anything with friends of mine, knowing it would get back to me. No, this seduction would have to be on a person-to-person basis, do-or-die.

I tried sounding him out to see what his knowledge and attitude would be about gay sex. I mentioned being blown by a guy in a restroom. He seemed indifferent and changed the subject. At least he didn't seem down on me for it. That encouraged me into trying the full-scale attack.

On a rainy day I talked Jerry into playing hookey with me and I treated him to a movie he was dying to see. I couldn't concentrate on the film at all, I was so busy running my mind over various seduction schemes and worrying about the consequences if nothing worked. I'd just about



come to the conclusion that I would have to leave home if he took it badly, but I was determined to try anyhow. Living with him, without being able to touch him the way I wanted to, was miserable anyway.

Jerry was wild about the picture and wanted to sit through it again. I told him I wanted to teach him how to shoot pool. He said he was too young to get into a pool hall. I told him not to worry, I had a place.

What I had in mind was our clubhouse. It was Eddy's family's garage which was converted into a service porch and den. Since I was the president, I had a key. Eddy would be at school and I knew his folks both worked and wouldn't return home until evening.

It was still raining as we ran the

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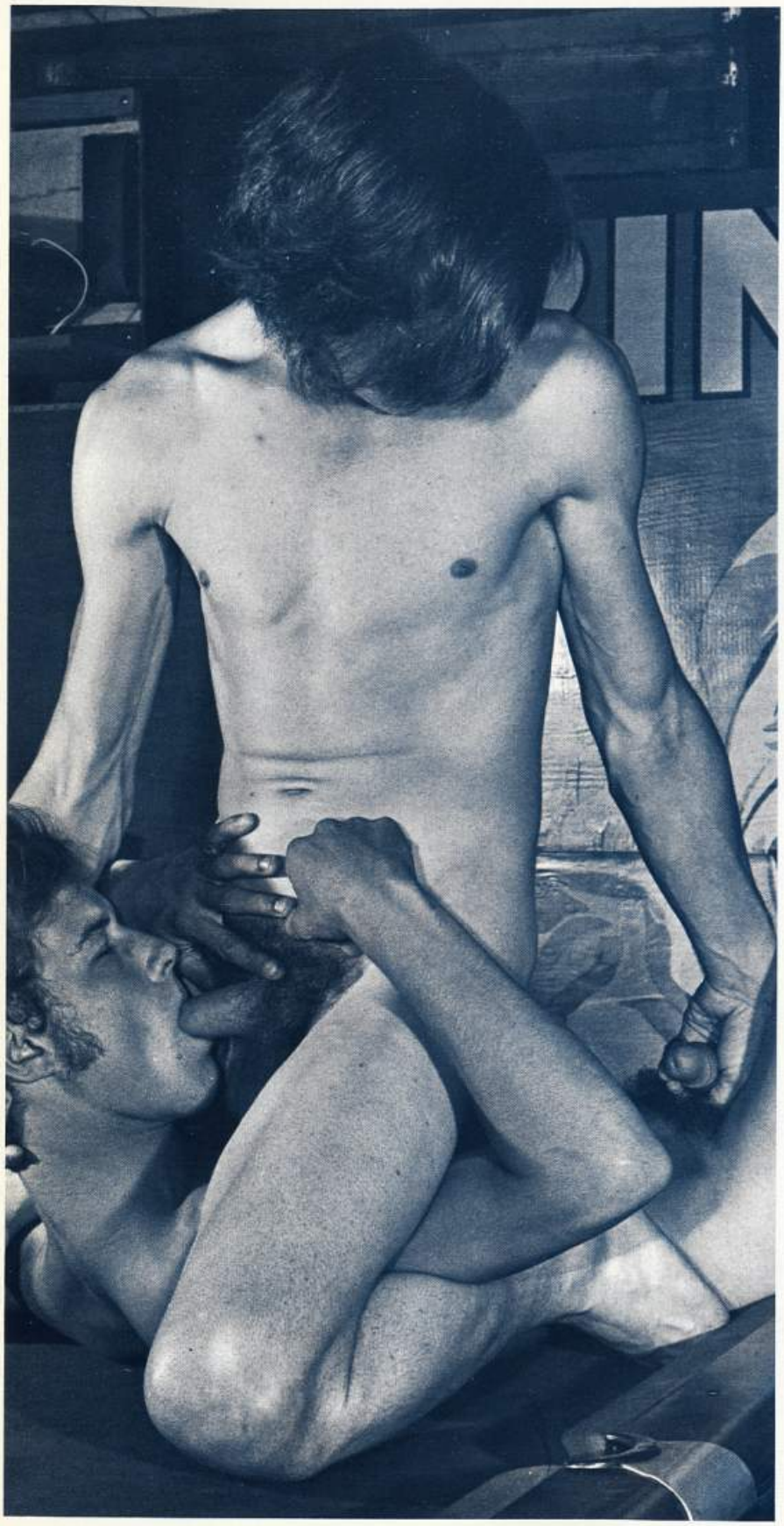


four blocks. The rain was an important part of my plan. As soon as we entered the clubhouse, I stripped and told Jerry to do the same. I threw our clothes into the drier—that should give me at least a half hour to work. The time limit added to my excitement and I already had half a bone on.

I made a great show of selecting the cue I felt would be right for Jerry, and told him to try a few shots. The first time he leaned over the table, my cock shot up to full hard. I maneuvered my way behind him to get a glimpse of the one part of him I have never seen —his asshole.

No luck, dammit! His legs weren't spread far enough apart and he had a light mist of golden hair camouflaging it.

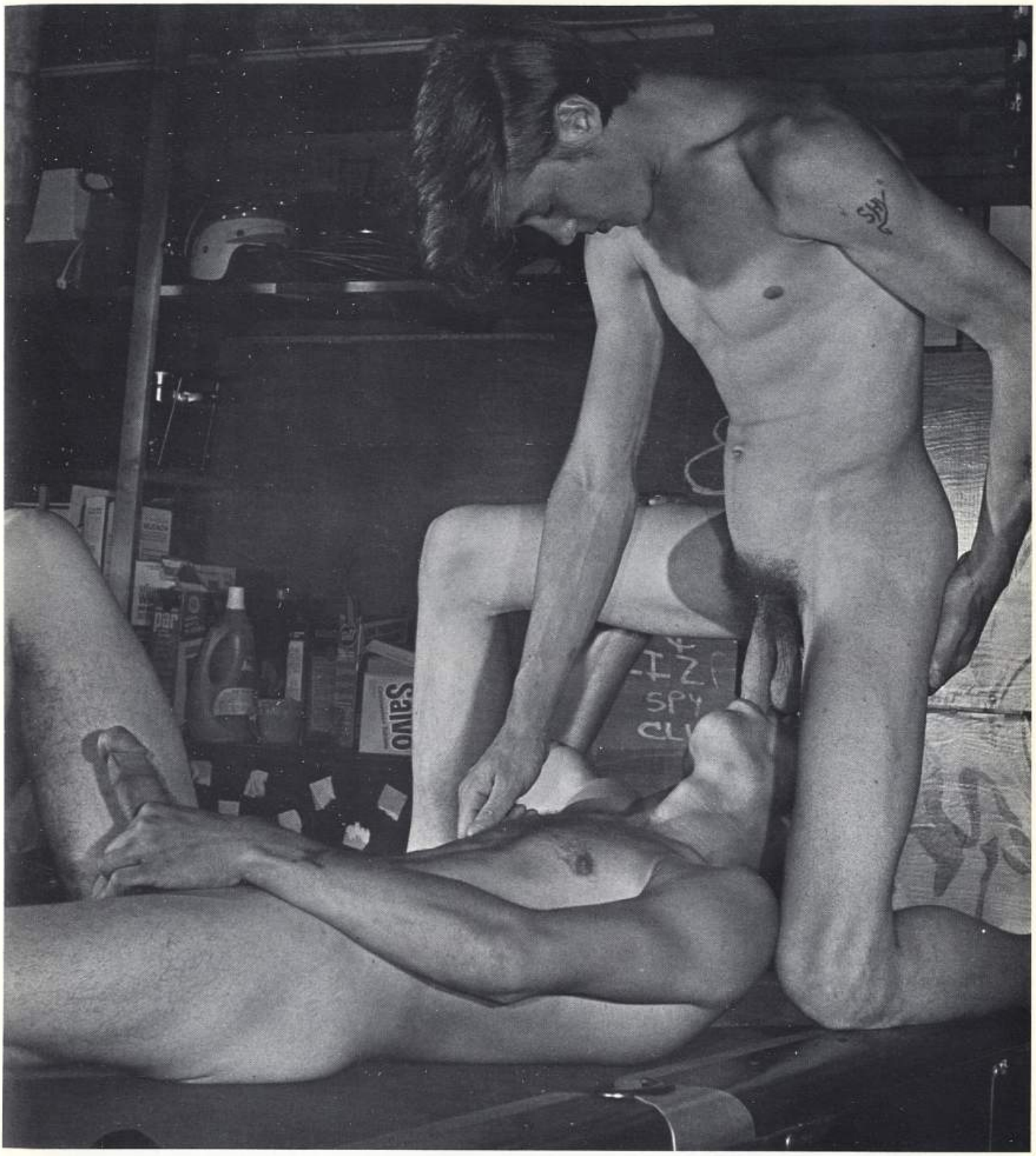
Risking expulsion from the pool-teacher's union, I told him he needed a wider stance as I knelt and grabbed his ankles to separate them further. The hair parted just enough for me to see the exact center of his puckered anal-ring. I almost came right then. It was a struggle to not push my face into his crack and my tongue through the ring. But this was my own brother and I had to feel reasonably certain that he would not be repulsed by my actions.

I stood up behind him and showed him how to hold his elbows and as I reached for his wrists, my body came into full contact with his. I tried to aim my hard-on upward so it would just rest in his valley, but it slipped straight ahead and poked at his asshole.

"Are you trying to shove your pool-cue up my ass? You could at least try the small end!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Was this an invitation or just an innocent joke? I decided to play safe and wait.

I moved away, trying to hide my hard-on and told Jerry to try a few shots. He crouched quite a bit, so I told him to straighten his legs. When he did, his hard cock



flipped up over the top of the table. He was embarrassed about me seeing it and I made him feel worse by laughing.

He stammered that it was my fault, because when I was kneeling behind him I was breathing on his ass and balls and that got his cock hard. He was almost crying from chagrin as I laughed louder, and he screamed, "And you didn't help matters any when you poked whatever it was into my ass. It pushed my cock into the table so hard, I almost creamed. "*Stop laughing at me, goddammit!*"

I kissed him on the cheek and

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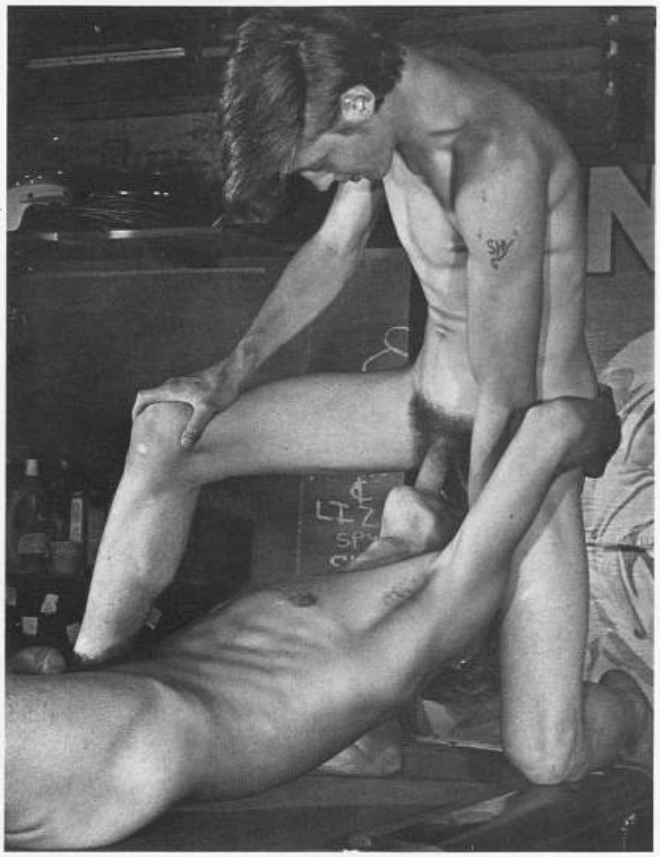

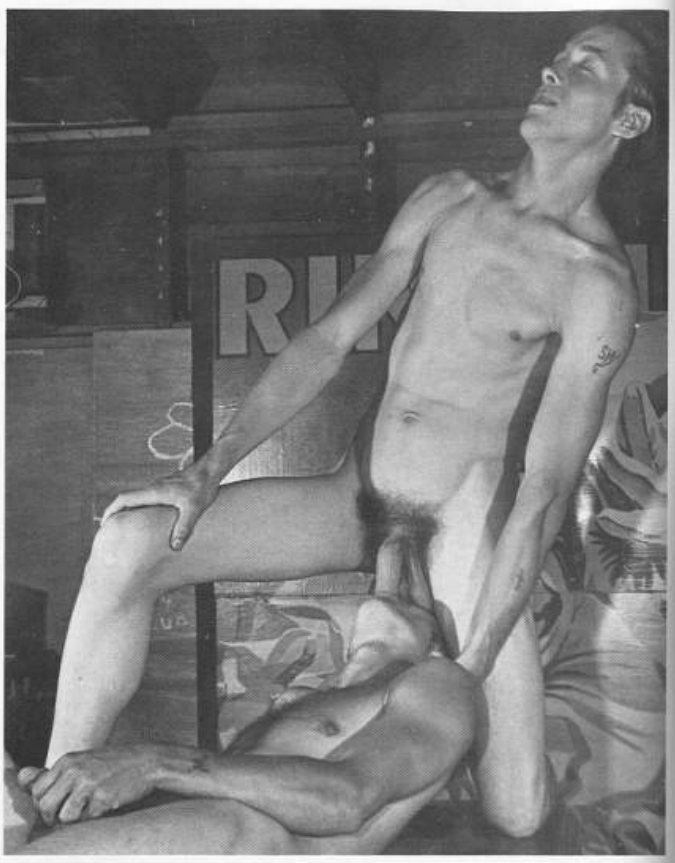

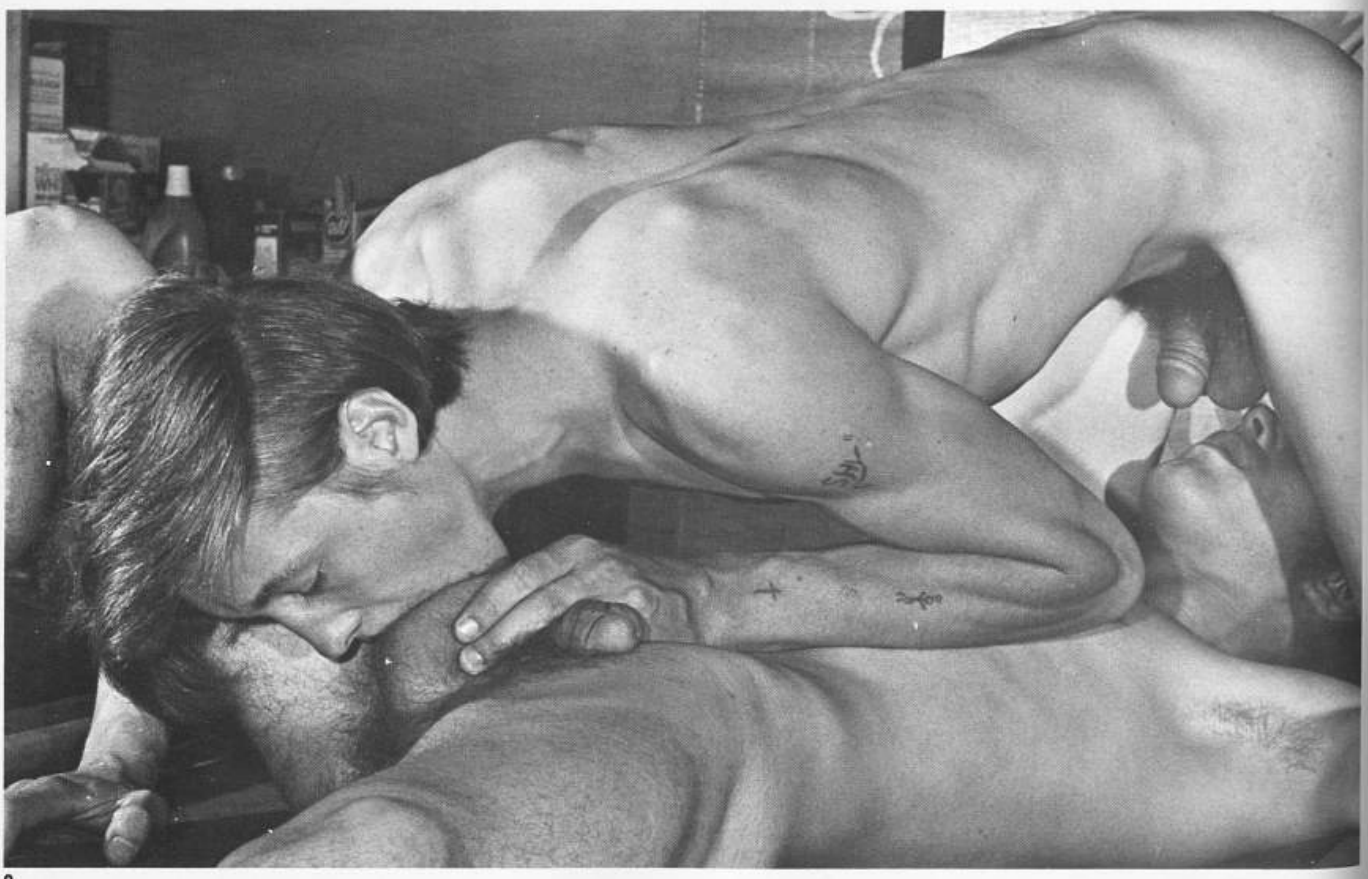

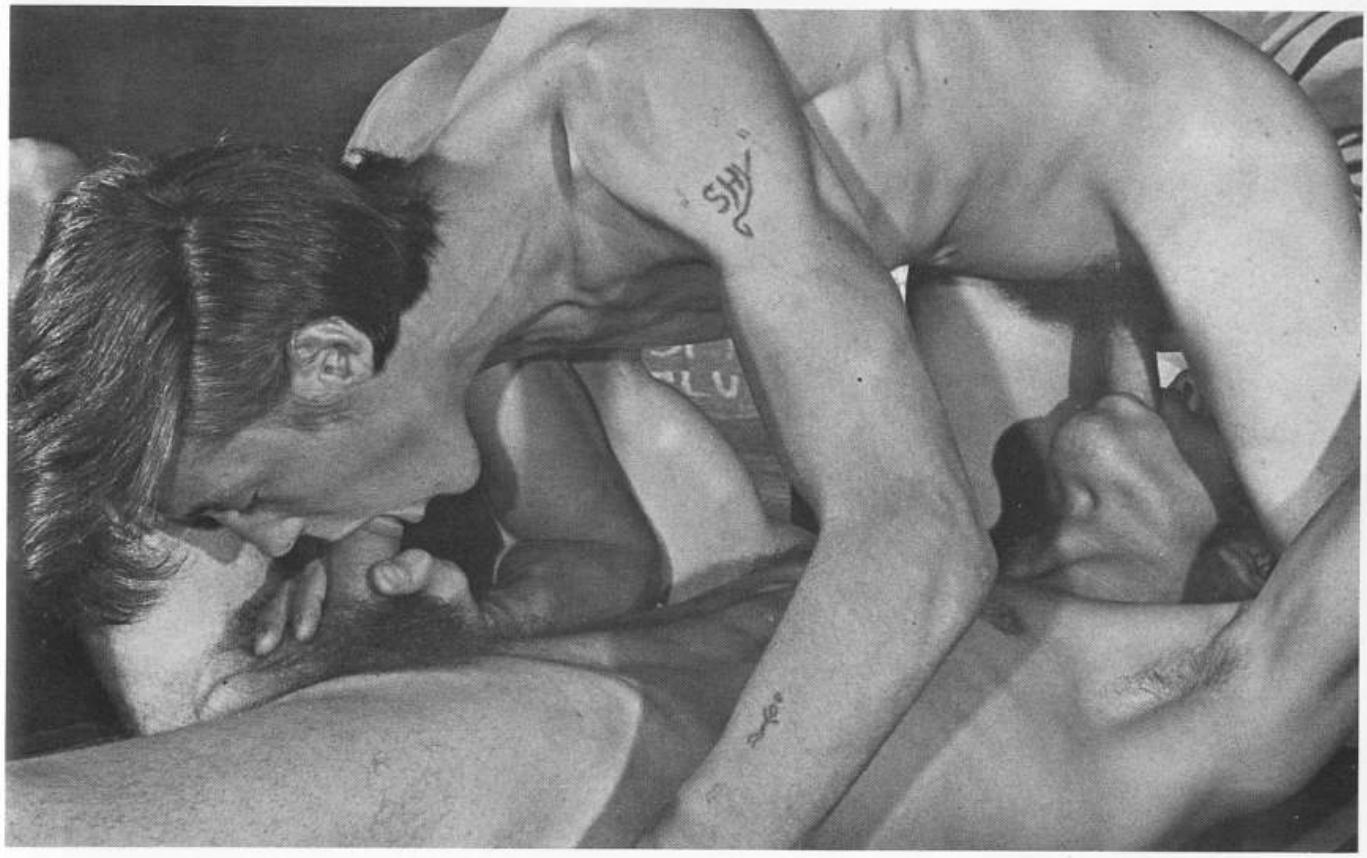

said, "I love you, little brother. I was just laughing because the same thing was happening to me. Look!"

And I pushed my pelvis out in front of him to make my cock stand out as far as I could. His hand reached out and he touched it with his fingertips, but immediately his hand jumped back.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jerry, touch it all you want. And I want to see what yours feels like."

I felt his cock lightly, running my fingertips up and down and then wrapped my hand around it. It was one of the most beautiful fistfuls I have ever held.

Gradually, his hand crept back to my cock and he imitated all the movements I had performed on his.

"Interesting!" I thought. "Just how far would he go with this follow-the-leader game?" I sure as hell was determined to find out.

I felt his chest with my other hand and he did the same. I squeezed his pectorals and kneaded his nipples, and he followed suit, breathing hard, with little gasps escaping his mouth.

I brought my hand over his shoulder and traced a slow circular pattern down his back. As I passed his waist, his breathing stopped. I fondled his juicy buttocks and slid my fingers up and down the valley between, going lower with each stroke. When I hit a dead-end and indicated that I wanted to go farther, he spread his legs apart and my fingers continued their exploration.

As I massaged the perineum, he bent slightly forward to give me easier access. His hand rested on my buttock, which was as far as he had copied me. It remained there as if paralyzed.

As I touched his balls, he said, "Larry, you'd better stop. I'm about to cum!"

I turned him around and sat him on the table. "Lie back, baby brother, I want you to cum." And

I went all the way down on the most precious cock in the world.

It took just ten seconds for him to come. I licked his cock clean and his balls.

Now to find out if he would imitate me all the way. I straddled his body and held my balls just over his lips. His tongue snaked up and licked them. He raised his head and took them into his

mouth. I was getting frantic at this point and told him I was on the verge of cuming.

He let loose of my balls and plunged his mouth down on my already exploding cock. His throat contractions while swallowing were sending unbelievable sensations through me and I came and came and came. Then we sixty-

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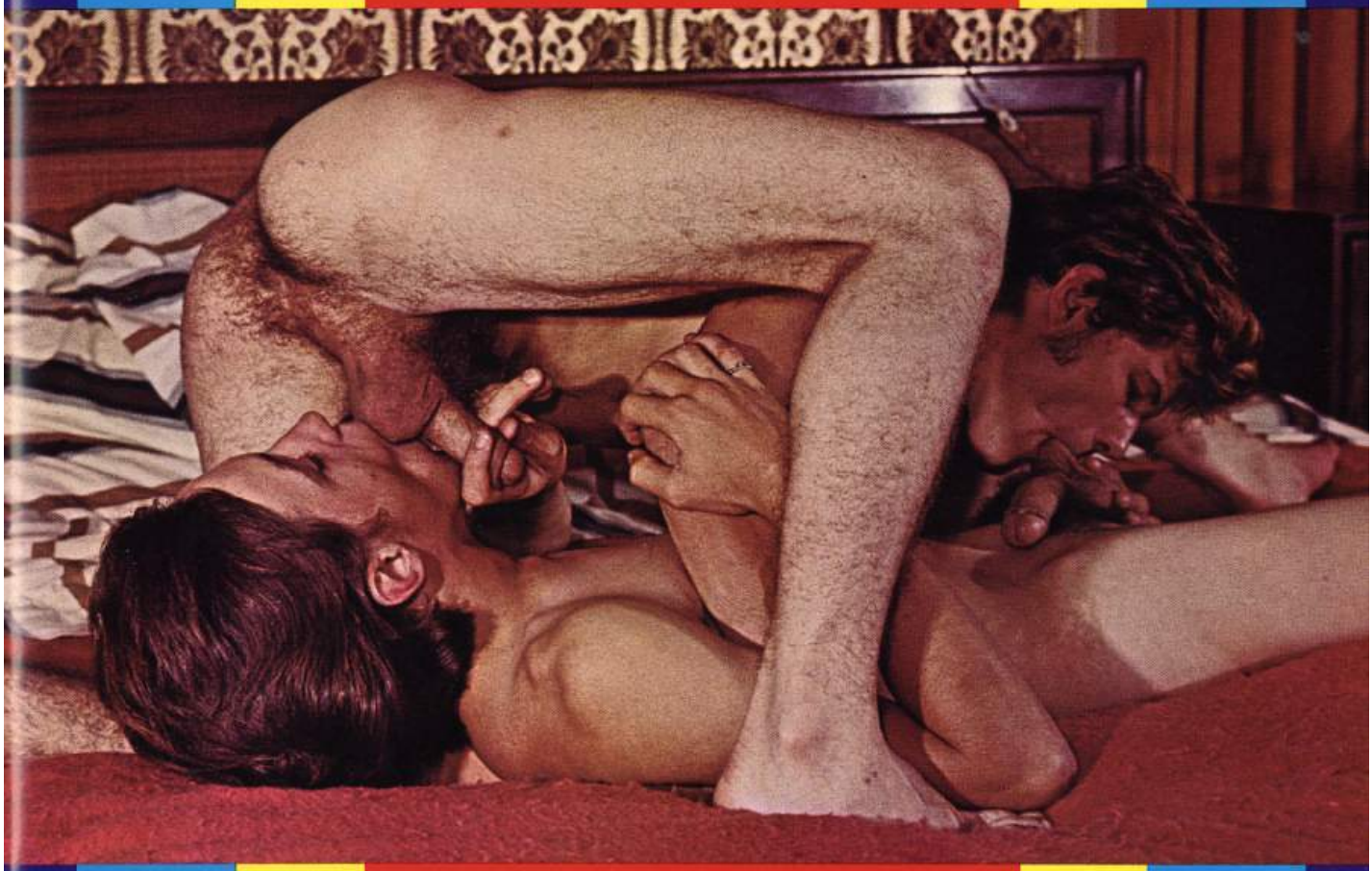
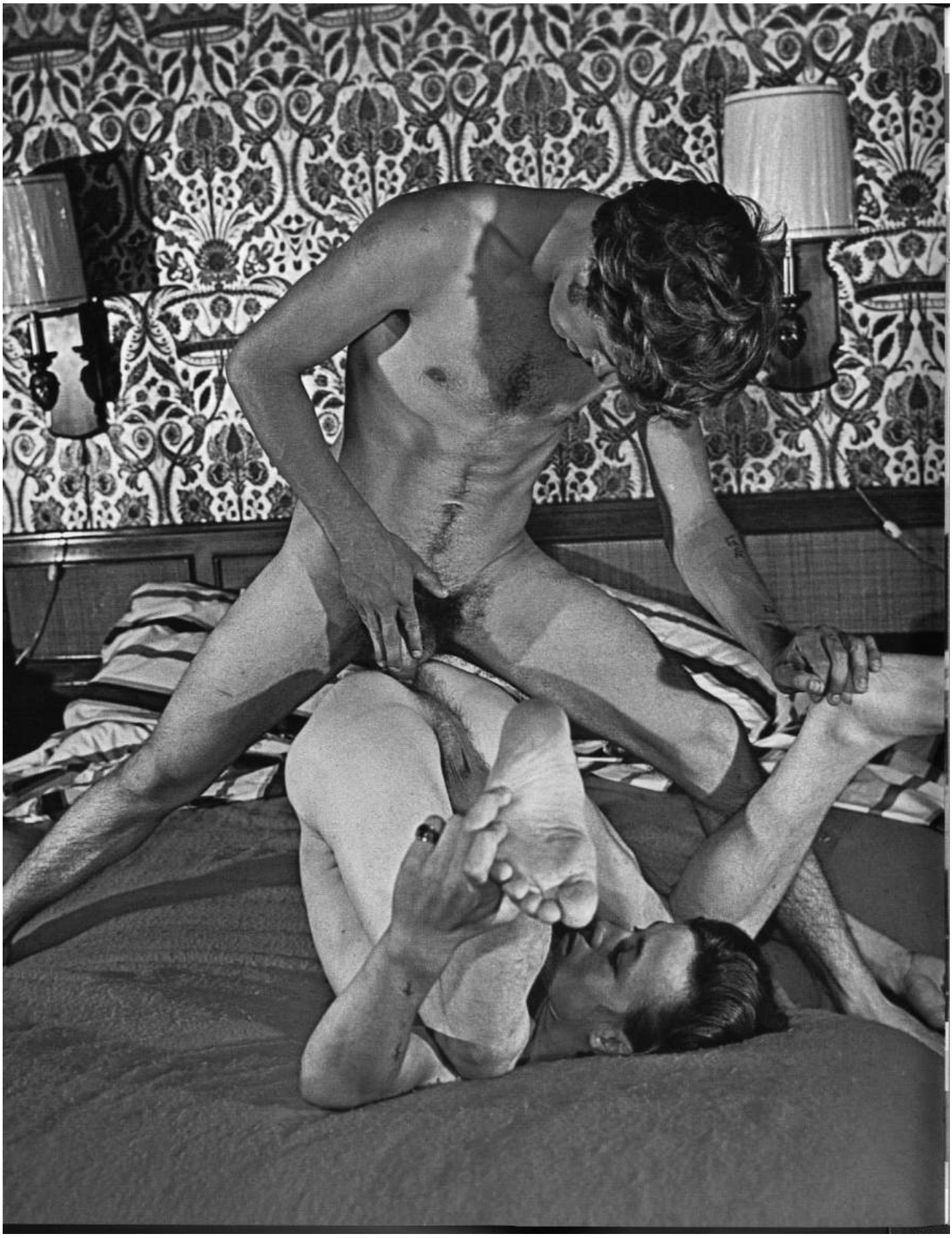
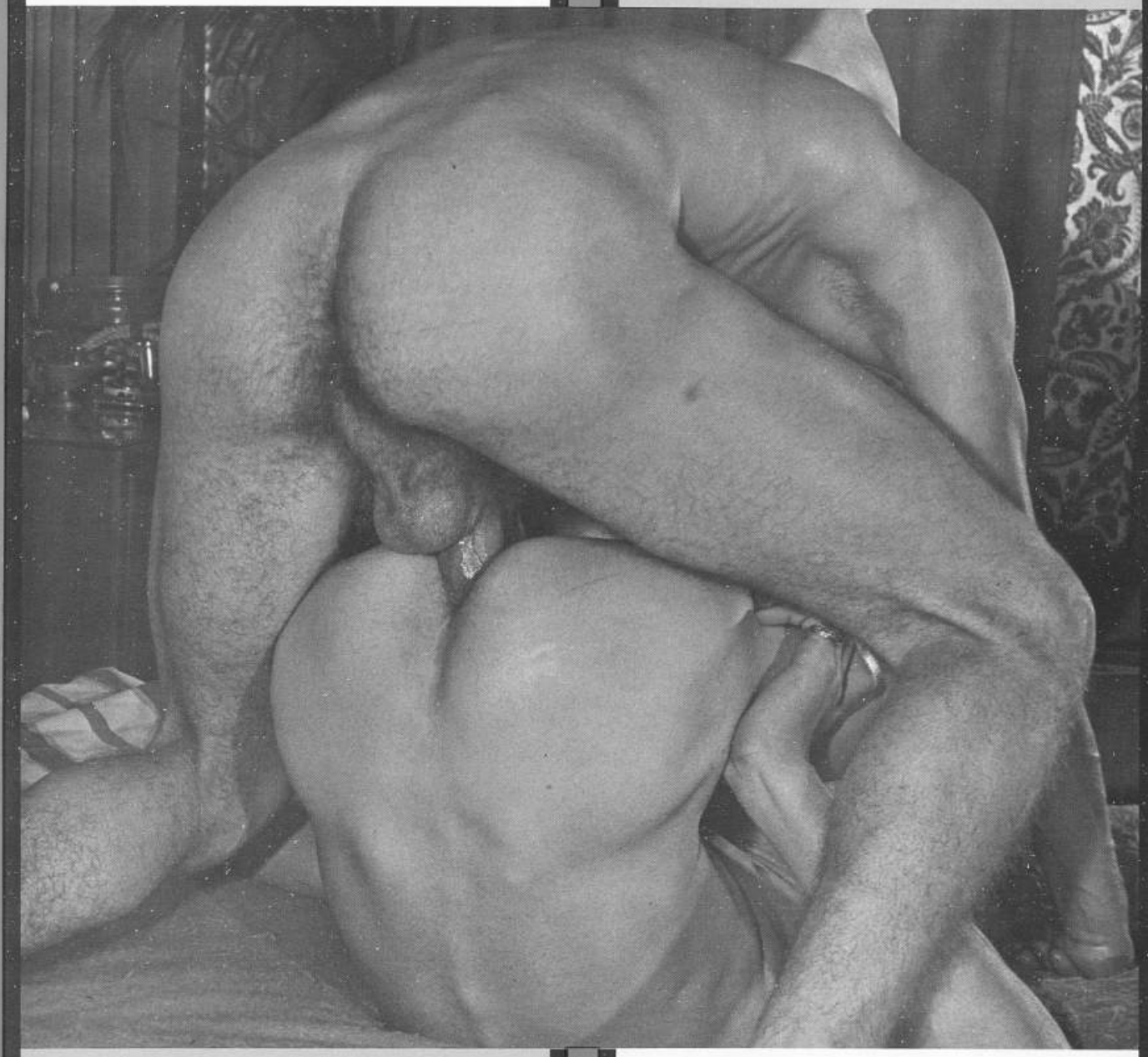




nined for a double encore.

We retrieved our clothes from the dryer, and, would you believe it?, the sun was shining as we ran home.

We ran because we wanted to



repeat our experiences and add to our repertoire.

That day stands out in our memories as the day we both discovered the true meaning of brotherly love.

Handling What Comes Up

"Want to get it sucked?"

I almost jumped out of my skin. That question came from the big, burly television repairman. His back was towards me and I was being subtle about jacking off, so it really came as a surprise. Also, because that's exactly what was on my mind at the moment.

When he came to the door a half hour before, my balls felt like they were stuck in my throat. I was speechless. He was over six feet tall, with shoulders a mile wide, a smooth tanned complexion and the sexiest, bedroomiest eyes ever.

He was wearing a print shirt that was sizes too small for him. It gaped open between buttons and only reached to an inch above his pants.

And when he squatted down to work at least eight inches of his middle back was exposed. But that was only the beginning.

His ass had me hypnotized. Two perfect round melons strained the material of his jeans and threatened to burst out. They would jiggle slightly when he moved, and would squash in when

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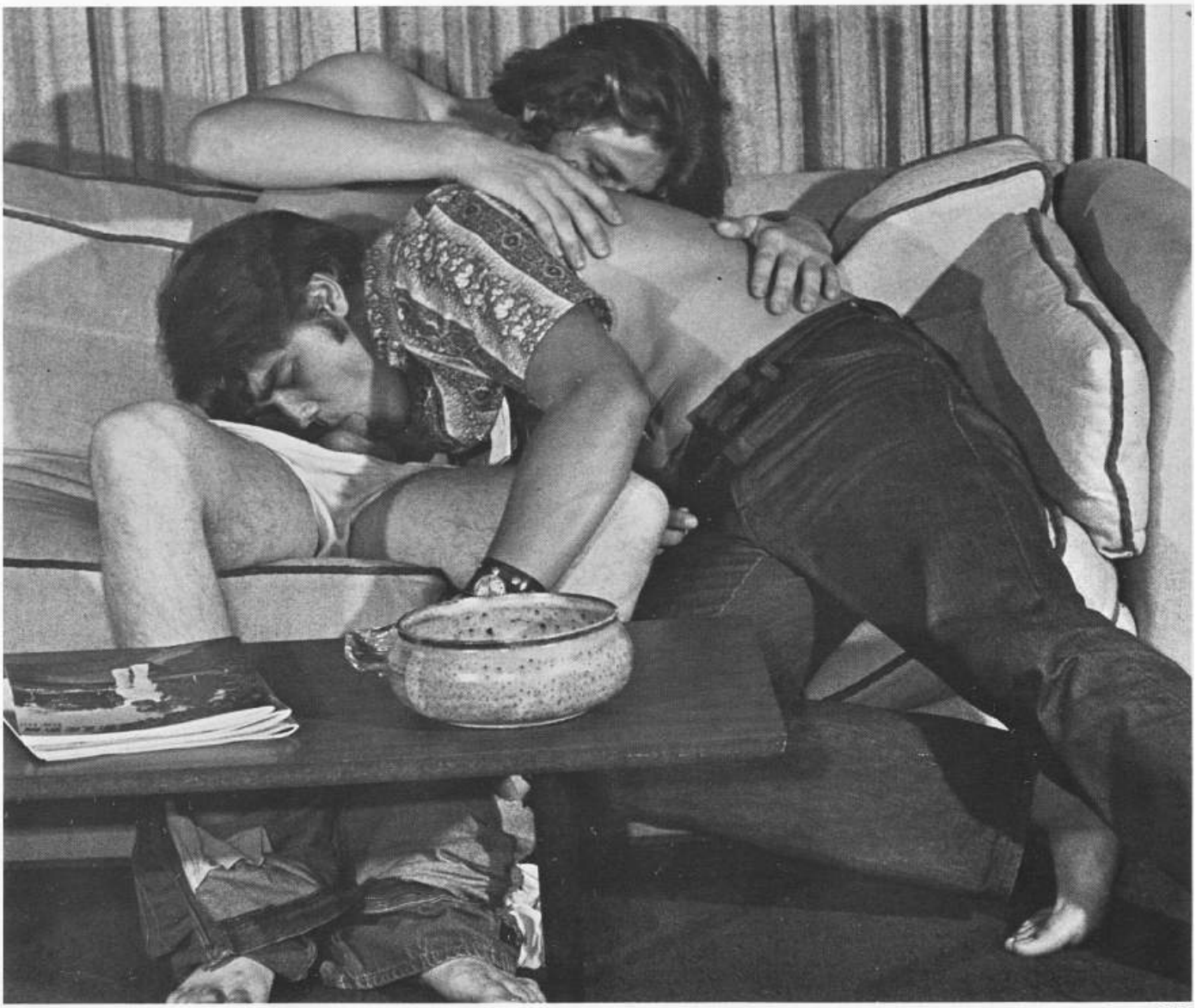

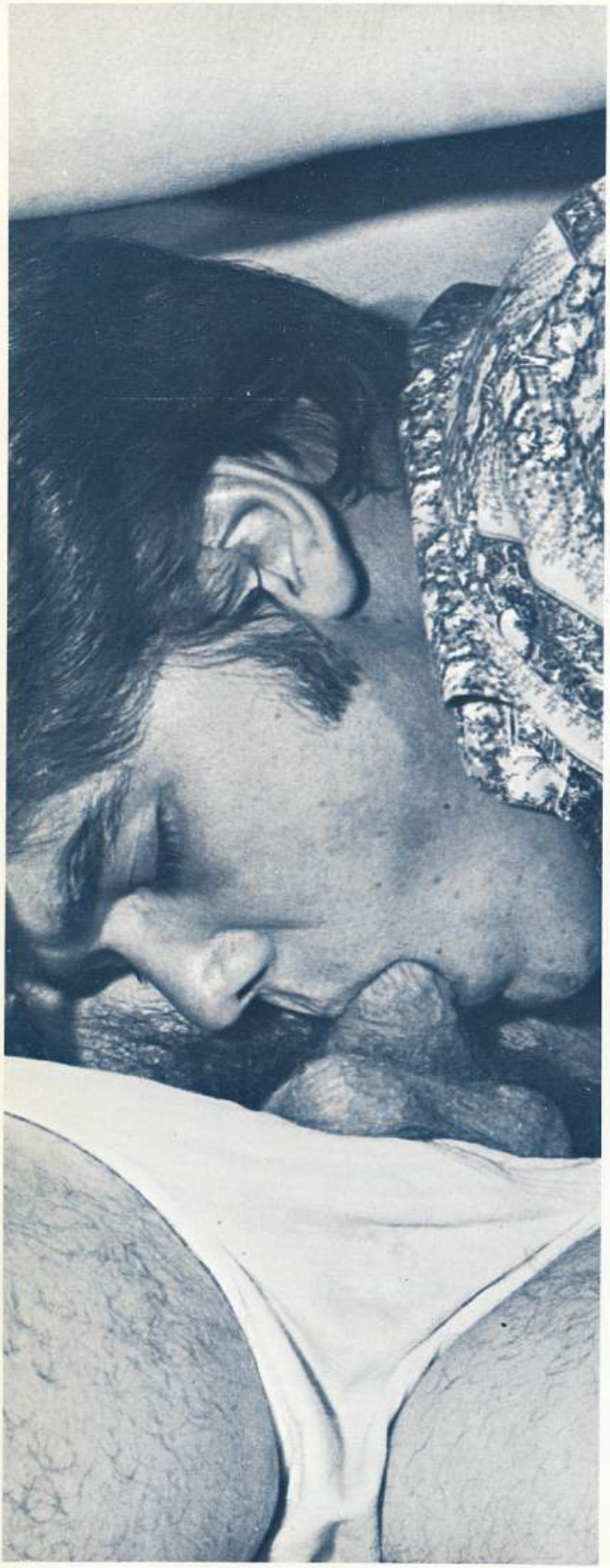

he rested his cheeks on his heels.

All of a sudden I noticed that his waistband was loosening. His zipper must have been sliding open, because every time he moved his pants slipped lower down his back.

I could see the V-cleft above his ass and a few minutes later a tiny bit of his crack was showing, then a little bit more. I was fascinated. I watched that crack grow at the rate of about a quarter inch per minute. I wanted it to speed up, yet the suspense was a delicious agony.

Three inches were showing, then four inches, and then five inches. My cock was stiff and twisted in my shorts. It was growing painful.

I picked up a magazine to cover my lap and opened my zipper quietly to reach in and release my prick. I managed to work it out over the top of my shorts and then silently rezipped my pants. My waist was loose enough for me to slip my hand inside and I was playing with my cock while keeping the magazine over it so he wouldn't see what I was doing, in case he turned around unexpectedly.

By this time three-quarters of his ass was exposed and it was obvious that he could not have been wearing underwear of any kind, no matter how brief. Crouched the way he was, I could see a faint line of hair running along inside his crack, but I couldn't see his asshole.

My cock was nearing the bursting-point and I had visions of him crawling over to me, his pants dropping off his ass as he crawled, and putting his face in my lap, and lapping my prick.

That's when I heard the ques-

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tion . . . "Want to get it sucked?"

"How did you know . . . ? How could you tell . . . ? What makes you think I'm . . . ?"

"Stop beating around the bush. I was watching you beating off. I could see your reflection in the glass. Do you want it sucked or not?"

"As a matter of fact, yes!"

He got up (didn't crawl, dam-

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mit!) and zipped up his pants as he came over to the sofa. He undid my pants and pulled them roughly down to my ankles.

There was my cock sticking straight up into the air, over the top of my Jockey shorts.

He settled his mouth down over it and gave a few lunges. He stopped long enough to pull my pants and shorts off and his own shirt. And just in time. One deep breath and he would have ripped that shirt to ribbons.

He went back to my cock with a slow, steady rhythm.

"Get up. I want to see what you've got," I said. He stood up. I released the top clasp (it wasn't broken, so he must have deliberately loosened it so that his pants would slip down) and yanked the zipper down.

There it was. It wasn't hard yet, but it already was a mouthful, which it promptly became. I licked it up, down, sideways, and six ways from Sunday.

Then he pulled away to take off his pants. He kicked them across the room and then dropped down to his knees in front of me. He attacked my balls with his tongue and took them into his mouth, one by one, and then both at once. Boy, it sure was crowded in there. He spit them out with enough force to bounce them across the room. Then he went back to my cock and sucked with the same rhythm he used before. It never varied, but it did the trick. I came in slow, steady pulsations that never varied.

He lay back on the sofa and I knelt on the floor. I licked his balls in broad, sweeping strokes. I gradually worked my way up his shaft till I reached the head. I teased it a while with my tongue and then plunged down all the way and worked my head up and down a mile-a-minute, to show him how the other half lives.

He suddenly sprang up and worked us around into a sixty-nine position for a few minutes, and then threw me into a kneeling position. He sucked my cock from between my legs, and then spread my ass cheeks. His tongue took the grand tour; up hills, down valleys, and then into the grand canyon.

Then he rubbed his cock over the same route, but stopped at the jaws of the abyss. He picked me up, bodily, and carried me into my bedroom. He stood me on the bed, while he assumed the position I had just been in, ass-airborne. He spread his cheeks and cried, "Fuck it! Fuck the holy shit

out of it! It's ready now! Fuck it!"

I wouldn't think of refusing such a sincere invitation. I jabbed the head of my cock in, and he took over from there. He clenched and released, clenched and released—each clench pulling another inch into him. He didn't stop clenching when I was all the way in, and I think he stretched me another three inches. I just stood there while he set up a whirlwind motion, up, down, sideways, and six ways from Sunday. I'm glad I was able to teach him something, even if he applied it in a more original way. He milked me so dry, I felt I couldn't cum again for a week.

But I hadn't figured on Bill. (Yes, that's his name, just plain Bill.)

He threw me on my back and shoved his cock in my mouth. He went to work on my balls and my cock with his mouth, and my asshole with his fingers. As my asshole got softer, my cock got harder.

He rolled over onto his back and yelled, "Sit on it!" Now it was my turn to try the gyrating maelstrom technique, and let me tell you, there's no other way.

How do I know? Let me introduce you to my lover of three months . . . Bill, just plain Bill!

A Hard Fantasy To Handle

I finally got a chance to act out my favorite fantasy. Or, at least, I thought I was, while I was doing it, although I found out later that it wasn't exactly real, or, it *was* real, but not completely, but . . . oh, fuck it! I'll explain what I mean.

To start with, I'll describe the fantasy. I've always wanted to have sex with a beautiful, well-built, well-hung, village idiot. I had always dreamt of having someone do exactly what I told him to do, and nothing else. Someone I could order around, with no back talk, and no ideas of his own that he would initiate. I want to be the boss.

Oh, no S and M stuff. That doesn't turn me on. I just want someone to obey my every word. Call me nuts, but there it is. I might add that I would like him to be a virgin and still do everything I say, without hesitation, but that part is so improbable that I don't even always include it in my daydreams. I'd gladly settle for the rest.

Well, to get back to my explanation. Yesterday I moved into this new apartment. The super, who was a grumbling old man, helped me a little, but he was constantly bitching about his son never being around when he needs him. He kept referring to his son as an idiot and "ain't right in the head" and other terms of endearment.

The word "idiot" set off a four bell alarm in my head. Was his son really an idiot or was his father just calling him that because he was pissed off at not finding him. He never called him "bastard," "son-of-a-bitch," or any name not relating to a backward mentality, so my hopes were high.

As soon as all my furnishings

were in the apartment, I told him he didn't have to help me anymore. I could wait until he located his son.

He heaved a great sigh of relief and was out the door in two seconds flat.

And I was out of my clothes in the next two seconds. I was going to live this fantasy to the hilt.

But then the thought struck me. What if he wasn't young, wasn't good-looking, wasn't built well, or hung well? Then I would just have him finish moving the furniture into place and let him go. But somehow, I had the feeling I wouldn't be disappointed.

And I wasn't! About an hour later, the doorbell rang. I was so wrapped up in my fantasy that I completely overlooked the possibility that it could be someone other than the super's son. I flung the door wide open and was confronted by a really handsome young man.

He must be the idiot, I thought, because he was just staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed at me, running his eyes up and down my body. Then I realized I was doing the same to him, and he had more reason to, because I was the one who was naked.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Paw says you need help."

It was him! And he spoke in the slow way I imagined all idiots would speak. Let the fantasy begin!

With no "please's," "thank you's," or "if you wouldn't mind's," I quietly gave orders: "Put this in that corner." . . . "Put this in that room." . . . etc. After carefully placing each item he would return and stand in front of me to await his next order.

"Open your shirt!" He did, with no hesitation. I saw that his body was as beautiful as his face, and his skin was as smooth as his silky hair. I didn't dare go farther until I had him finish all the heavy

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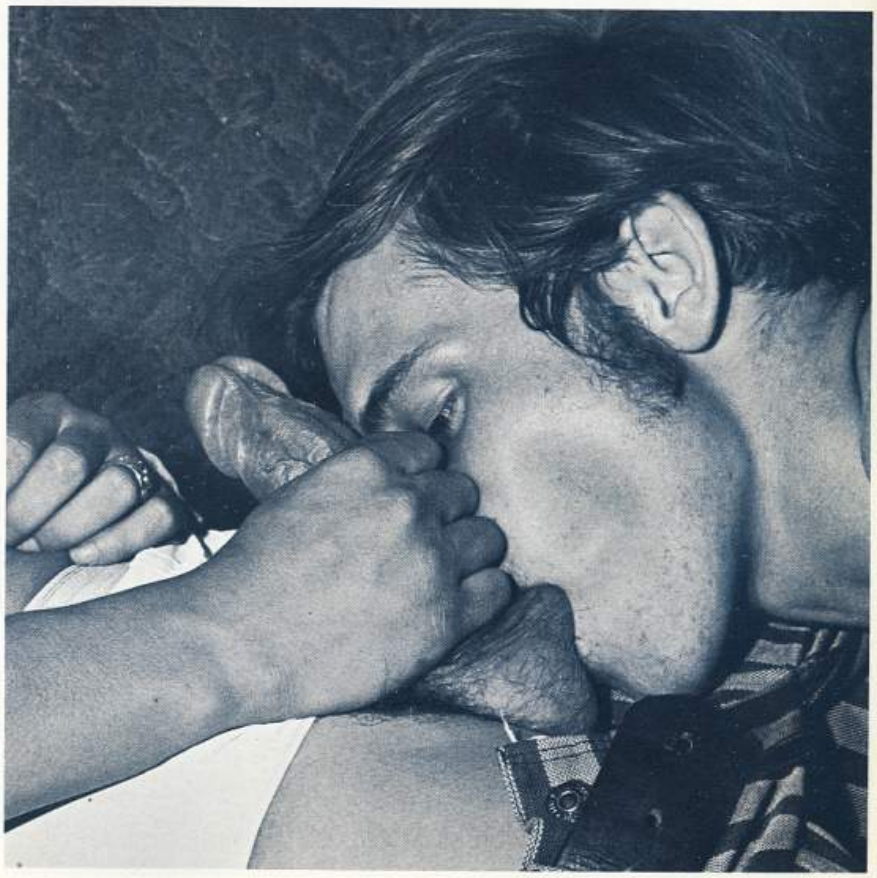

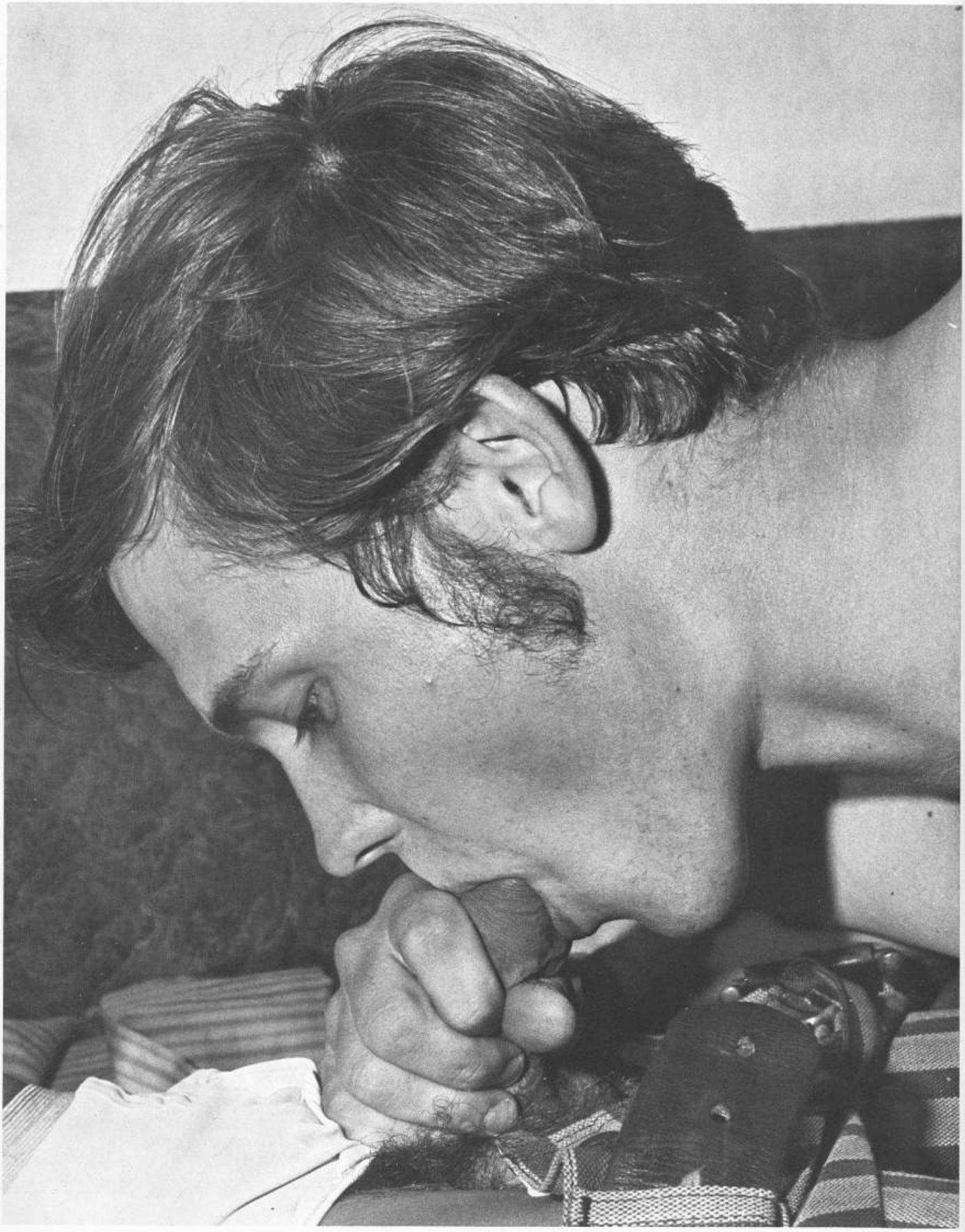

work.

But my hard-on wouldn't wait. I made no attempt to cover it, and he glanced at it every chance he could get, but his expression always remained the same and gave no indication of whether he liked it or not. But the wheels were rolling and I wasn't about to pull the brake even if it meant being derailed.

When the last piece was in place, I pointed to the couch and told him to sit. I stood in front of him and put one foot up on the seat beside him. My hard-on was just inches away from his lips and he was staring at it.

"Put your hand around it." He did. "Lick it." He did. "Put it in your mouth." And he did. "Suck it."

I no longer have to tell you "He did," because he did *everything* I told him to do.

I told him to lie back. I opened his pants and pulled his huge cock and balls out of his shorts. (I didn't tell him to get a hard-on, but he must have been reading my mind.)

I swirled each of his lime-sized balls in my mouth while rubbing my face against his velvety shaft. I put the head of his cock in my mouth. I tightened my lips and set up a suction as I slowly, but steadily, slipped all the way down to

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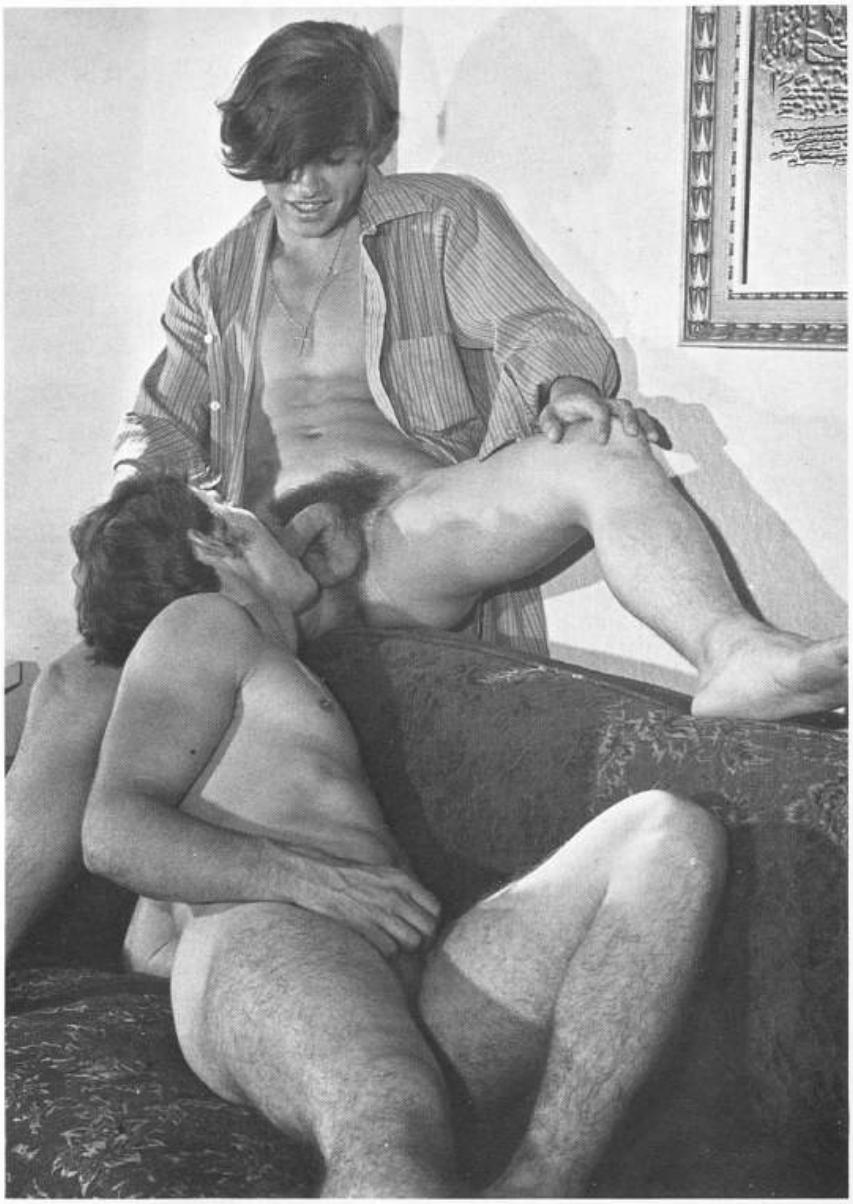

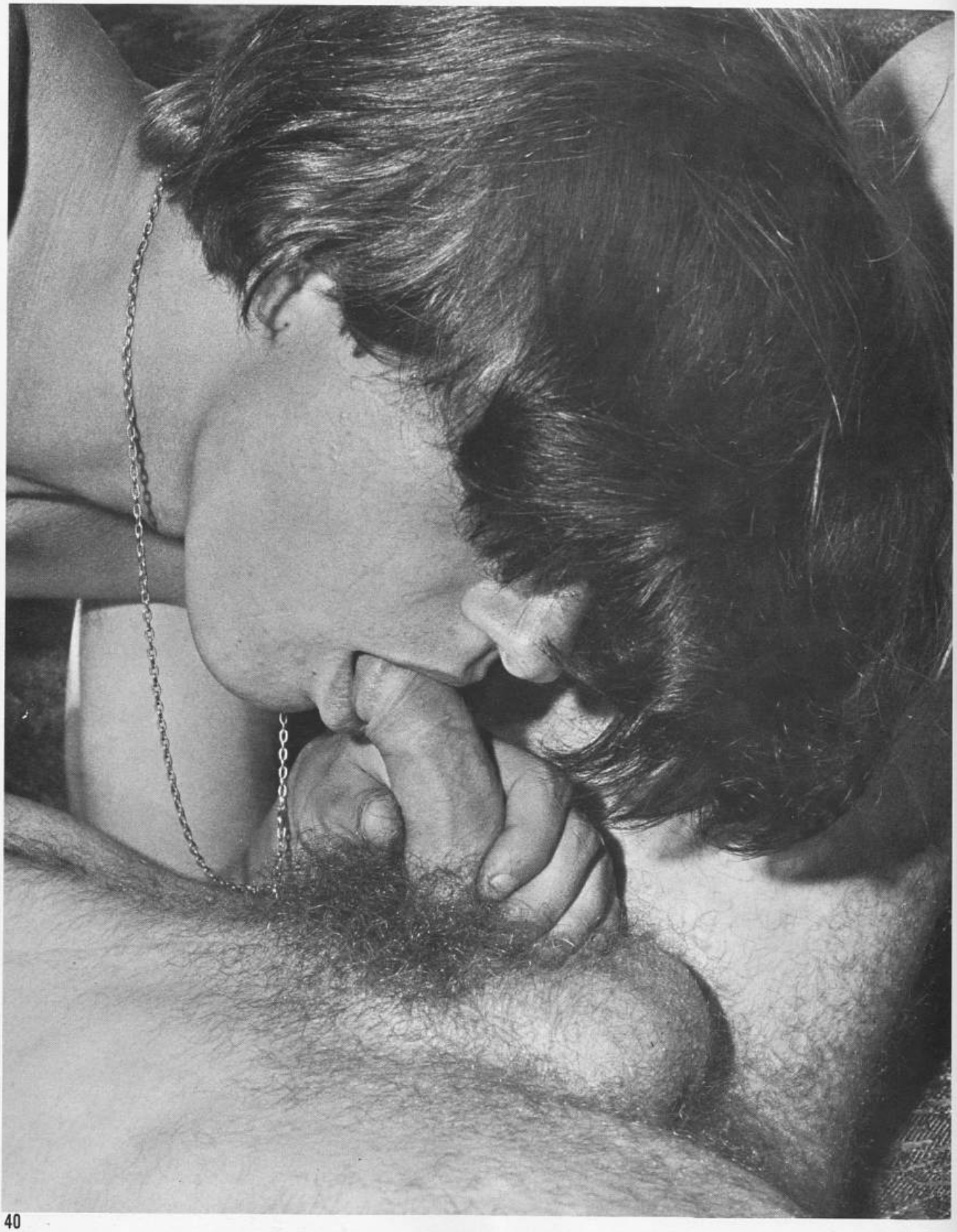

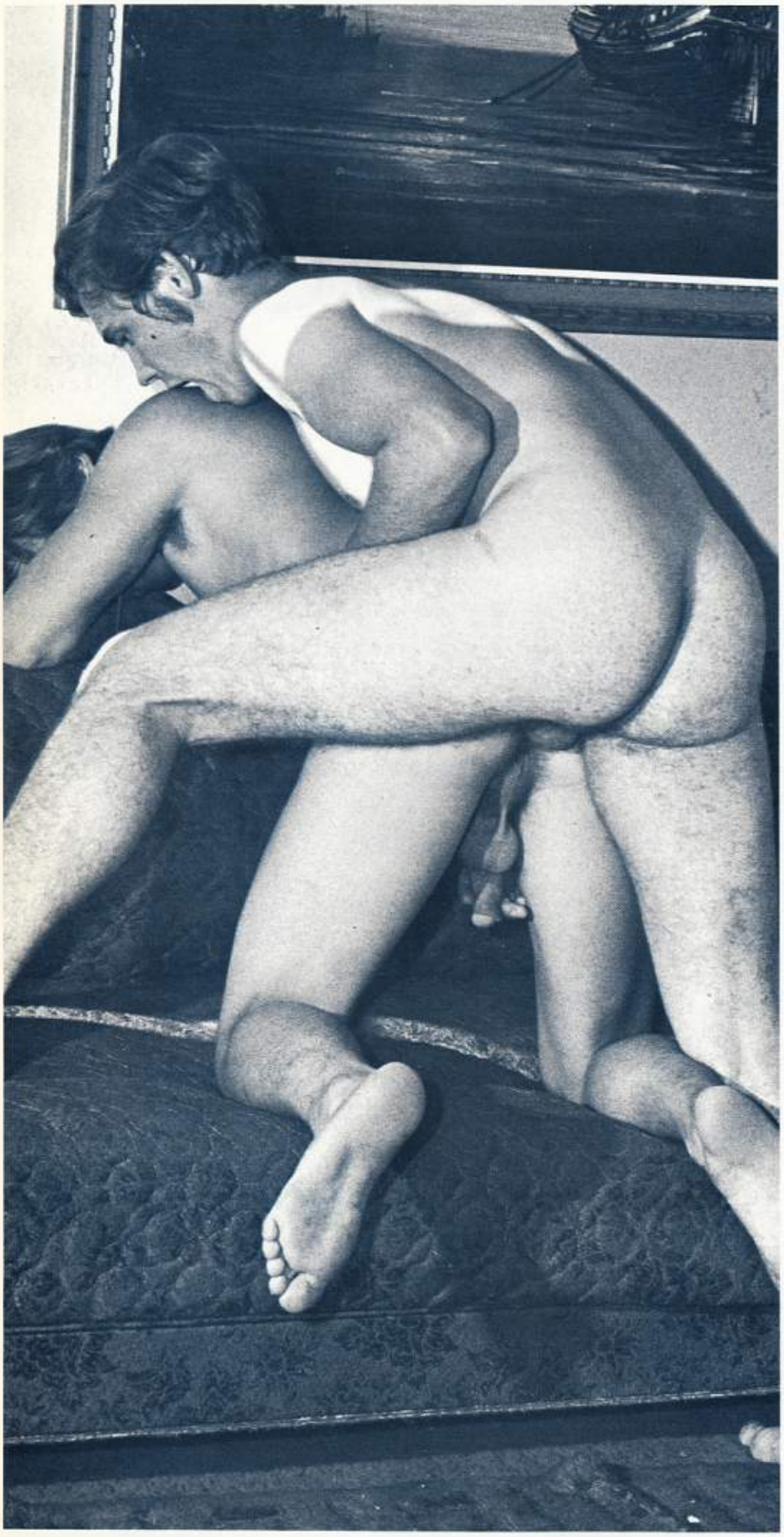

his pubic hair, and then just as slowly, withdrew to the tip. I continued this slow-motion technique until I could tell that he was ready to cum, then I gradually increased the speed. He came with such violence that his back arched way up off the couch and his hips pounded into my face. I didn't tell him to do that, but I believe it was an involuntary reaction, and, what the fuck, it flattered me no end.

I stripped him from the waist down and told him to sit on the top of the couch and spread his legs. There, staring out at me, was the most sensual looking asshole I had ever seen. A thin line of hair encircled the starburst puckers. The skin looked soft and puffy. The hole itself looked like it would offer no resistance at all, yet would cling to a cock like velvet.

But his beautiful cock was already getting hard again, so I took it into my mouth. As I lay back down, I pulled him with me until he was straddling my head. I put my hand on his head and pushed it down to my cock, and we sixty-

nined for a while.

But that vision of his asshole beckoned me. I told him to lean over the back of the couch to permit close inspection. I fell in love at that moment. I'm sure there isn't a star in Hollywood who has a more perfect asshole, and it was going to be *mine,* anytime I wanted it, as often as I wanted it, as long as I wanted it, or am I getting a little carried away.

Anyway, it was mine, then. I licked it, I drew puffs of flesh into my mouth, I skewered the hole with my tongue, my finger, and then my cock. My imagination had not misled me, it offered no resistance, yet it clung to my cock like velvet. It hugged my cock, it kissed my cock, it squeezed my cock, and even after I came, it seemed reluctant to let go.

I took him into the bedroom and sucked on him to get him ready to fuck me. Not wanting to waste the opportunity, I had him blow me at the same time. Then I told him to lick my asshole and to leave plenty of spit there. I was

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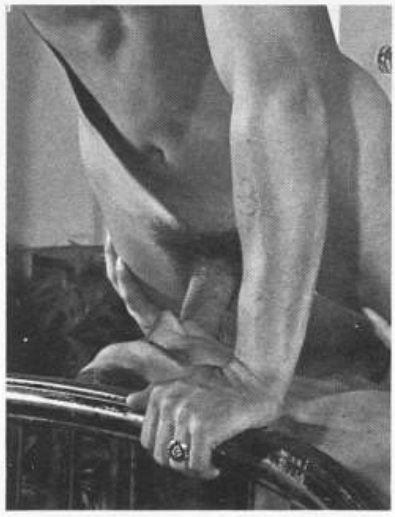
going to need it, to take all of his gorgeous monster. I warned him to take it slow and easy, but rescinded the order before it was halfway in. "Faster! Harder! Fuck me!!!" etc., etc., etc. He blew my mind, as if he had used a pistol.

While lying arm-in-arm, recuperating, I discussed many things, forgetting that he was supposed to be an idiot. And he answered as if *he* forgot he was supposed to be an idiot.

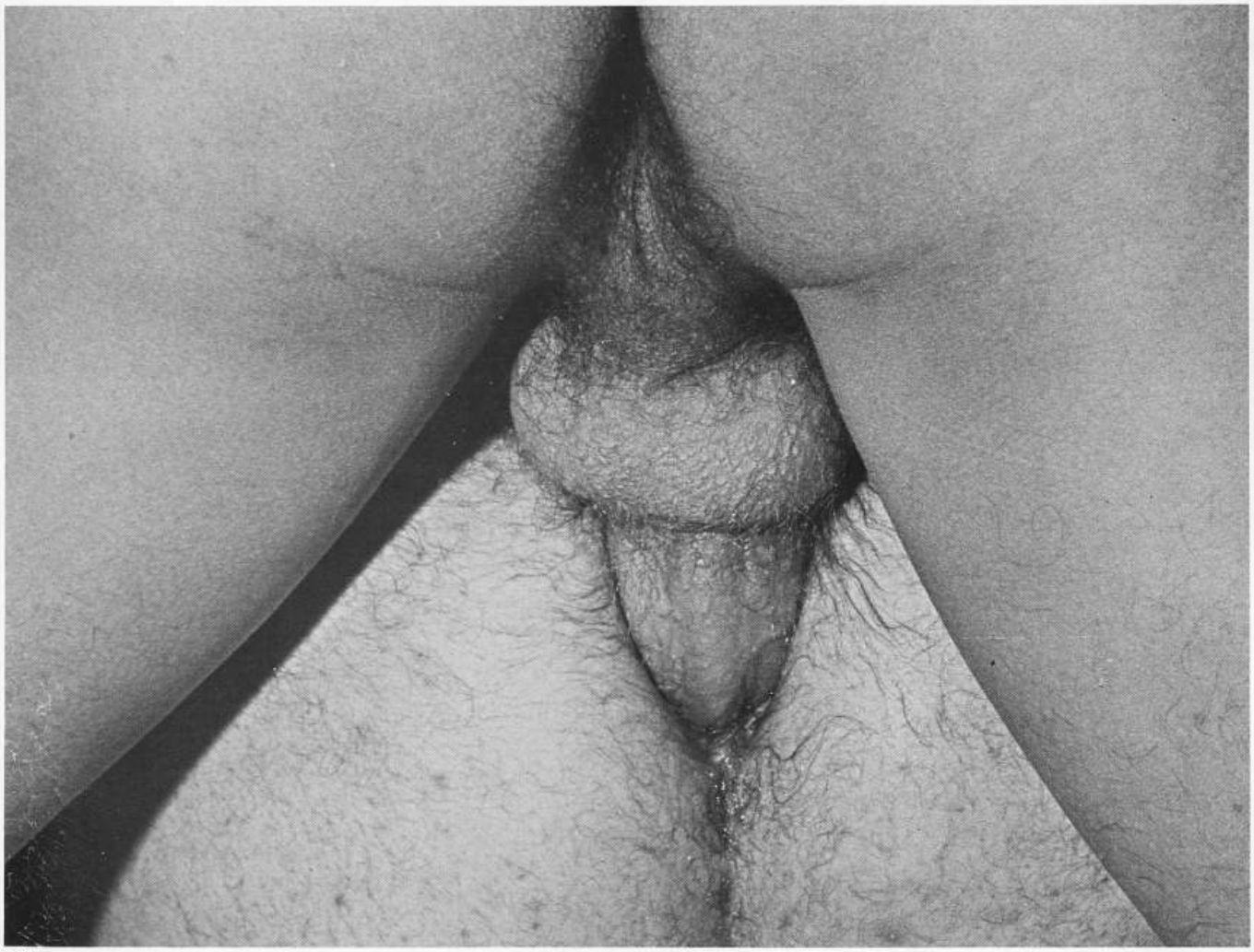
I asked him why his father called him an idiot and why he acted like one. He told me that his father was extremely belligerent,

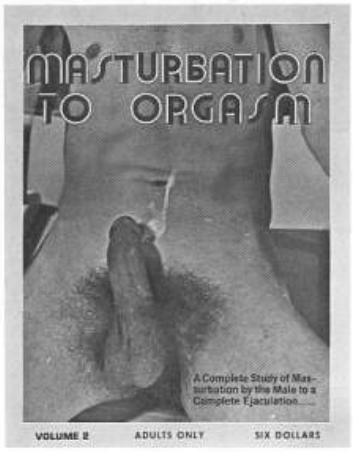


and would deliberately disagree with whatever he said, and use it as an excuse to whip him. So he learned, at an early age, to just keep his mouth shut and his father would be content to just ridicule him by calling him an idiot.

He's actually an honor student, but his father can't read and has no idea of what's on the report cards he signs with his "X".

So you see what I mean when I said I finally got a chance to act out my favorite fantasy, or that I thought it was real when it was happening, or that it was real, but I didn't know . . . Oh, fuck!

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